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REMARKS

ON

PROFESSOR FELTON'S

ABNORMAL ADDRESS

TO THE

Pupils of the Normal School.

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REMARKS ON

Professor Felton's Abnormal Address

TO THE

PUPILS OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

While we are waiting for the explosion of the second bombshell of the Harvard Committee, let us, for passing the time, call up Professor Felton's logical deathblow to Spiritualism on the occasion of the visitation of the Normal School at Salem, first touching upon some of his preliminary topics, before coming to the doom of the "stupendous delusion."

He says "our education should be practical, eminently practical." The Germans and Italians beat us in producing "sound minds in sound bodies." Our colleges are more practical than our common schools. The common schools have wanted practical teachers. The teachers ought especially to teach mathematics, natural history, philosophy of the mind, and logic. Plato inscribed over the entrance to his school, "Only those

who understand geometry should enter here." He then digresses on the Cephissus, Acropolis of Athens, the Parthenon, the Attic plain and old olive trees, all which he had seen. By mathematics we gain access to divine philosophy and metaphysics and mental phenomena, especially the morbid. The study of natural history is also recommended, in connection with which the pupils of the Normal School are informed that a pupil of Professor Agassiz was directed by him to study "the bones of a turtle six months, without reading a single page." He does not mention at what stage that pupil had now arrived in his curriculum of the arts and sciences, or in what time he expected to get through it. He also mentions, in connection with the same science, that the Prussian gentleman, known in the London *Punch* as Cliquot, "by straining a point," was indulged with the privilege of adding his name to the "magnificent subscription" for Professor Agassiz's work.

Aristotle's treatise on logic is then extolled as being a sovereign remedy against the "stupendous delusion." The orator invokes the "mighty Greek shade" to assist him to prove that any kind of manifestation from any shade, Greek or barbarian, is a "humbug."

The age we live in then comes under review. It has some "good, for which thank God," but unfortunately, as he "humbly and truthfully" confesses, "it has not been intellectually or morally prosperous." "The logical faculty has been neglected. Our knowledge, as a

people, has been shallow, a seeming, not a real knowledge, enough to raise an immense conceit, instead of inspiring us with a becoming modesty." [! ! !] "Every body knows enough to pass judgment upon every thing, and few know enough to know that they know nothing." [! !] "Many who assume to teach us through the press, need teaching themselves." They "put on a confident air." [! !] He "thinks some of them need the discipline of the Boston schools, *not excepting the rod*,"—videlicet, a flogging. The professor is "eminently practical."

If this style of talking to such an assembly seems to you, respected reader, not to be in a very high degree refined, and to have a tinge of that "immense self-conceit," of which the lecturer speaks, it is because you do not properly appreciate the "logical faculty" with which he and some others of the elect are eminently endowed, concerning which faculty and the privileges and prerogatives consequent upon its culture, we must here make some preliminary explanations before coming to the stupendous part of this discourse, relating to the "stupendous humbug." If you will attend one of the common schools, after the study of Aristotle is introduced, you will be initiated into the mystery of the syllogism, the great engine with which the professor and his auxiliaries of the Boston *Courier*, have annihilated the "stupendous humbug;" the same which had before been annihilated by President Mahan by the "od" or "odic light," and again by Rev. Dr. Dwight of Portland, by

bringing mesmerism to bear upon it, which same mesmerism had been annihilated about seventy years ago by the savans of the French Academy, assisted by Dr. Franklin.

If, reader, you are not familiar with the syllogistic art, we bespeak your earnest attention to our explanation, which will give you a key to the professor's discourse and also to all the leaders in the Boston *Courier* about the "humbug."

The tremendous engine for damaging the *stupendous humbug*, then, consists of the *major* proposition, minor, and conclusion. For example, *major*, a biped without feathers is a man; *minor*, Mr. A. is such a biped; *conclusion*, Mr. A. is a man.

Now the professor is, according to his own rule, "practical, eminently practical," and also surpassingly logical, and *consequential*, — no offence, — we mean sagacious in seeing consequences, or sequences, and this accounts for his discourse being a series of sequences, constituting a consecutive unity, having nothing of the rambling, helter-skelter, hop-skip-and-jump style. He is also master of a transparent brevity, whereby he has the art of signifying his whole syllogistic concatenation of ratiocination by using a single word. For instance, the respectable Mr. A. is a *fool, dupe, madman.* Mr. B., an *impostor, a liar*, etc. etc. etc., which is only expressing his *conclusion*, the *major* and *minor* being, with elegant brevity, omitted.

The intelligent reader will not fail to see, through this

transparent *conclusion*, both the *major* and *minor*. Let us illustrate by an example. The logician, like other artists, must have material upon which to use his implement. The geometricians, for example, begin with an axiom or fact, as a postulate, for material, and every logician, in whatever line of the art he operates, must have a *fact* for his *major*, to serve as a fulcrum for his lever, and then he becomes an Archimedes and can move the world, or, at least, a Sampson with a jaw-bone, to do slaughter in the camp of the Philistines. What then is the professor's postulate, his fact, his fulcrum, to move *this majestic world;* or his jaw-bone for damaging the enemy in this "warfare," as the Boston *Courier* calls it, with Spiritualism? You shall know, reader, in few words.

It is thus: Mr. Farrady o London, and a certain few scientific and learned thinkers sojourning somewhere about the latitude and longitude of Cambridge, whom the professor mentions by their names, and another whom he would name did not his modesty forbid, have studied the laws of nature and of the mind and of sensation so well that they know what other persons see, feel, hear and touch in the ordinary exercise of their faculties much better than those other persons themselves. *They* perfectly understand the laws of matter and spirits, (if there are any such,) and all the attractions, combinations, repulsions, influences, agencies and possibilities and impossibilities in the universe. They know how

the invisible, imponderable, inanimate lightning tears out of the ground the root of a tree, shivers in pieces a building, and knocks down a man or an ox; how a loadstone lifts fifty pounds of iron; how the mysterious heat applies its mechanical power in expanding metals; how gravitation is overcome and crystals are carried up in growing vegetables, and deposited at great heights in cells; how disease in one part of the human body may produce pain in another; in what way the will operates upon the muscles, and millions of other occult phenomena which "sagacious men of business" and men of mere paltry common sense can only take as the results of mysterious causes without presuming to know the *why* or the *how*. That the said illuminati do perfectly understand all such things is plain; for if they did not know all the possible causes and conditions and modes of action resulting in a table being moved, a rap made, a tune played on an instrument, or the muscles of a person's arm or his organs of speech being actuated independently of his own will; or what visual perception any man can possiblyhave of things at a distance or past; what insight is possible to any one into the thoughts, remembrances, and the moral darkness or brightness of another,—they could not instanter, as they do, pronounce with majesterial authority upon the true character of every such phenomenon, whether it occurs in their presence or at the antipodes.

Out of this semi-omniscience arises this syllogism, viz:

Major—Certain savans of whom I am one, or whose opinions I follow, have a perfect knowledge of all that is or possibly can be true, and all that is or possibly can be false, in religion, morals, physics and philosophy, and in the sensuous impressions, perceptions and reflections of all mankind.

Minor—We authenticate such a proposition as true, and denounce such another as false.

Conclusion—Therefore, *auctoritate nobis commissa*, the same is true or false.

This is the *Feltonian* syllogism.

This is his thunder, which is borrowed daily in the Boston *Courier*.

This logical formula being understood, the professor, being logical, and "eminently practical," distancing therein the schoolmasters and mistresses, proceeds to practise with it upon Spiritualism, which is now, like Troy, to be spoken of only in the past tense, the same having perished at Salem, on a certain day, of a death-wound by said syllogism. Omitting the *major* and *minor*, which the reader can supply for himself as easily as the Salem audience could, we will quote some of his deadly fulminations in his own classical style.

"I must say, in sorrow of heart, that I never heard or read of human credulity, and a cheat that has been played upon it, so base and mischievous—a delusion so contemptible and groundless."

"This Spiritualism, so utterly and repeatedly disproved

by reason, science, observation, experiment and common-sense; so foolish in its form; so silly in its words; so paltry in its means; so despicable in some of its results, and so lamentable in others; so insulting to God; so degrading to man; so corrupting to woman; so fraught with uncleanness; so laden with lies, has gained a head and threatens society."

The reader, when he has taken breath and recovered from his consternation, will, upon examination, find included in these two paragraphs seventeen *Feltonian* syllogisms, every one deadly. His meek "sorrow of heart"—is it not really pathetic? But he has the consolation of the other ancient professor who went up into the Temple to pray by the side of a publican. Now for more.

"Spiritualism has its circles, in which men and women—sensible, some cultivated—submit their persons to *coarse* manipulations."

The reader is to understand that a circle is formed by joining hands, and, accordingly, where it consists of both sexes, as in the case of shaking hands, or manipulations, in handing a lady into a carriage, in quadrilles, contradances, waltzing, feeling the pulse by a physician, &c., &c., a person overcharged with animalism, may think with Mr. Pipes, that the hand has quicksilver in 't. And then what a man is prone to himself, he is most ready to spy out or suspect in others. *Honi soi qui mal y pense.* But you are to understand that learned Thebans, Dr. Lardner for instance among multitudes of

others, are never in this category. The syllogism, when fully expressed, then stands thus.

We geometricians and Grecians *know* among many other things, that if some few, more or less, of any sect, class, or profession in religion, morals, philosophy or art, are delinquents in any respect, by a necessary consequence all who belong to the sect or class are delinquents in like manner. Some Spiritualists are delinquent, therefore, &c.

But we are detaining Mr. Felton.

"Men and women, sensible, some of them cultivated, bow their intellects to the shallow juggleries of vulgar, *illiterate*, unprincipled charlatans, impudently claiming that their miserable tricks are the supernatural operations of disembodied spirits."

Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus. The "charlatans" and "dupes" do not, it seems, profess to do or witness or believe in anything supernatural. We understand them to say that the laws of the universe are not suspended in any case to assist Mr. H. or embarrass Mr. B. But we are ourselves nodding, and forget the syllogism. We retract.

Now the terrific explosions, the *uncelestial thunder*, and black *fire and horror* shot through the "circles" of "charlatans" and "sensible, cultivated men and women," cease for a time to sweep off masses at once. The operator recreates himself with coolly blazing away at particular classes of utterers of what is "unutterable," and individuals "apparently with brains in their heads."

"Philosophic thinkers surrender their intellects to the pretensions of men, proven to be shallow cheats, and women whose brazen and shameless fronts are a deep and damning dishonor to their sex."

Still harping upon "brazen fronts," &c.

"Medical mediums, whose dens of infamous quackery are crowded,—utterly ignorant,—not knowing one bone from another, making fortunes out of their dupes.

"Trance mediums, who, for money, discourse with their eyes shut; say unutterable trash. Hundreds of respectable looking persons, apparently with brains in their heads, believe the monstrous lie."

This uttering what is unutterable is a miracle which the charlatans perform unwittingly.

"There are writing mediums, who pretend they are taken possession of by spirits, and write out, in sprawling letters, feeble, wishy-washy, drivelling communications; and because they say these outpourings of their own muddled brains come from spirits, men and women, apparently with brains in their heads, believe the ridiculous lie."

"Mediums, through whom letters to the departed are answered, have the inconceivable audacity to say the answers are sent by the spirits. Men and women, apparently with brains in their heads, believe the cheats."

"Painting mediums, whose amazing daubs are palmed off upon credulous buyers, because the clumsy perpetrators of these frightful enormities say they are executed by spirit-power, the impossible lie is believed."

Now for the torrent, tempest, and, as you may say, whirl-*wind* of the orator's *passion* without *temperance to give it smoothness.*

"They are worse and more dangerous than whole gangs of counterfeiters, bands of robbers, pimps and panders! Large bodies of people not only submit to be cheated out of their senses, but to pay the corrupt men and immodest women for cheating them."

Divers live men and women now appear upon the scene, suffer the syllogism, and pass off ghosts.

"Mrs. Henderson, shutting her eyes, utters trash,—tells a falsehood consciously."

"Dr. Gardner utters a falsehood consciously."

"Mr. Mansfield, having read a letter, by holding it up to the light or by opening it,—both of which *I know* he has done, — concocts an answer and says it comes from the spirit to whom the letter is addressed."

You may ask, reader, how the professor *knows* this. Was it done in his presence, or did Mr. M. confess it to him? Perhaps he knew it by clairvoyance or logic. If any notion flits across your mind about "telling a falsehood consciously," please to consider yourself "juggled," and subject to a "corrupting infatuation."

"Mr. Stiles forged the names of Daniel Webster and John Quincy Adams, and utters a detestable falsehood consciously."

"Mr. Squire, having tossed a table in the dark, tells the deluded family whom he had juggled, their dead son had done the deed, — tells a cruel falsehood consciously and remorselessly."

"The Fox women, thrice exposed and twice confessed impostors, drive a thriving trade in cheating."

"Hundreds of cases where honorable men have been guilty of untrue representations, if not downright un-

truths, such marvels as that tables have moved, have risen into the air, sometimes taking with them half a dozen men, hung suspended there; of chairs that have hopped and tipped intelligent answers, then hopped away like little Jack Horner in the corner."

Jack Horner! very fine.

"Hundreds growing rich by obtaining money under false pretences; by robbing the poor and the ignorant; by stealing from the weak and credulous the money which should have been put into the hands of guardians to protect their imbecility from rogues and sharpers, yet find abettors, as well as dupes, among men who have reputatation for sagacity in business, and thought not destitute of sense,—who seem in other matters to be in possession of their reason."

Is it not admirable, intelligent reader, to see one of the Dii Majores condescending to descend from the high Olympus of logic, metaphysics and Greek, down, down, very low down, to succor the weak and credulous who are waylaid by pickpockets and their abettors possessed of "sagacity in business?" Nec Deus intersit nisi modus vindice dignus. Deus est nobis.

Let us again to the syllogisms.

"This revelation reveals something worse than preposterous falsehoods, — the astonishing untruths which people, otherwise honest, tell.

"Judge Edmonds asserted that the wreck of the Arctic was communicated to four persons. He told an untruth."

"At the house of a respectable gentleman of Boston I received a communication signed Newton and Frank-

lin. It showed only the ignorance and meanness of thought, and *vulgarity of language* [*!*] of the medium. He [the said respectable gentleman] said that spirits must conform to the abilities of the medium. A reply so transparently absurd, that in the honest exercise of common understanding he could not possibly have believed it. He sophisticated his own mind into a quasi-belief of this monstrous fiction, and then employed it in argument as an established fact—a proceeding that has the moral wrong of intended falsehood."

This "respectable gentleman" entertained a courteous angelic guest unawares. He may still be under the quasi-sophistication of supposing that some spirits are no wiser than some men, and that they, like some men, may asseverate and dogmatize about matters of which they are ignorant, or assume names falsely, and that their communications, made through an imperfect medium, may be affected as a tune played upon a bad instrument may be. Now the pupils of the Normal School, and you also, gentle reader, *know*, as well as the infallible lecturer himself, that, if there are any spirits, and if spirits can communicate, they never do so under a false name, or upon a subject they do not well understand, or through an imperfect medium, and that if they have anything sublime, beautiful, scientific, logical, classical, elegant or poetical to communicate, they can communicate the same as perfectly through the organs of a wild Guinea man, as through the most perfect Caucasian organism free from prejudice or bias.

These dogmas are now definitely and demonstratively settled by *ipse dixit*.

"Another sagacious man of business asserted that when he called upon the spirit of his deceased son to prove his presence by raising a pencil laid upon the floor, the spirit did raise the pencil and place it on the table. He forgot to state that the pencil was out of his sight at one side of the table. Such a suppression of truth and suggestion of falsehood, whether consciously or unconsciously made, has no small part of the guilt of false testimony intentionally given."

It was very presumptuous in the "sagacious man of business," who had never read Aristotle's dialectics in Greek, to think that he could know whether the medium was a charlatan, liar and cheat, and whether he did or did not raise the pencil himself.

But these details are tedious. So we will have the whole fabric of humbug, demolished at a blow, smash.

"I might carry this *analysis* [! !] through hundreds of cases, where *honorable men* have been *guilty of untrue representations*, if not downright untruths—of pianos that have pirouetted,—bells rung—chairs tipped and hopped away like little Jack Horner in the corner,—accordions and harpsichords played. These and other marvels are solemnly avouched by clouds of witnesses."

To all this the logical thaumaturgist says—presto, begone!

"All these phenomena have been tested by the greatest observers in the world and have vanished into nothing! !" "No chair ever moved without a well-

known force, &c. &c. Not a rap was ever given without a rogue or a dupe for a rapper. Not one of those miracles which have bereft so large a portion of the American people of half their senses and all their reason, ever took place. What, then, is in all this pother? Excited imagination, crazed nerves, a litle epilepsy, a little catalepsy, a good deal of hysteria, spectral illusions, mischief by innocent girls, exaggerations, organized frauds and illimitable lying."

Was ever any thing more clear, satisfactory and demonstrative? If you should ever doubt, most ignorant reader, whether you are really riding in your own carriage, a railroad car, or a balloon, you know to what oracle to apply to tell you.

Now for the sequel—the doom pronounced by the seer rapt into future times.

"What will be left when the storm is past?"

"Tenants of the mad-houses and brothel!"

"Idiotic wrecks!"

"Some maniacs restored—tears of repentance."

"The memory of a strange period."

"A new chapter in the philosophy of nervous disorders."

"A new chapter in psychology."

"Eternal wonder at the shallowness of the age."

"Universal confession that the delusion swallowed up the distinction of truth and falsehood—corrupted the integrity of man—tainted the purity of woman!"

The intelligent reader had perhaps been already thinking of the mad-house. His imagination was perhaps less occupied about the brothel and tainted purity.

Draw near, then, ye *respectable gentlemen of Boston;* ye *sagacious men of business;* ye *innocent girls;* ye *dupes,* who go about seeming to *have brains in your heads!* A functionary of wisdom, charity, Christian mildness, modesty, syllogisms and metaphysics, *auctoritate sibi commissa,* comes to save you, ye *juggled* fools! He brings redemption and prevention. He has a syllogism. But for you, ye *impostors!* ye *conscious liars!* ye *knaves!* ye *pickpockets!* ye mediums, who lie with your eyes shut!—who write in sprawling characters, wishy-washy communications!—who *keep dens of infamous quackery!* for you he brings damnation, boiling hot, with much froth.

Here is the remedy—to wit, the syllogism.

"When a Boston editor, having witnessed the legerdemain of Hume and Willis, rushed to the conclusion that they were performed by supernatural aid, he was guilty of a ridiculous false reasoning, which a little training in the *syllogistic* art would have saved him. The thousands who believe that spirits rap answers, would have been saved from this amazing folly by training in tracing causes to effects and the application of the rules of evidence; nor would they have been left to the stupendous credulity of believing that tables could have been suspended in the air with no natural or ordinary force to keep them there, had they been taught the modes in which the mechanical forces act, and the laws of science."

The *juggled dupes* do not themselves profess to

believe in things supernatural, but they may learn from the professor that they *do* believe in such.

The result is, that if any Boston editor or gentleman sagacious in business would be secure against *rushing to wrong conclusions*, he must study mechanics, and then he will know that every motion which he witnesses must be caused by the mechanical power of the level, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge, or screw; and if he cannot himself account for it in this way, he may come to a conclusion by means of the Feltonian syllogism.

The professor says that he selects the "stupendous delusion" as an illustration of the defects of "our common education." There are divers other topics quite as appropriate to the same occasion, besides the Boston press, Hedgecock's quadrant, Cliquot's subscription and Spiritualism, viz.: — mormonism, pic-nics, religious revivals, the theatre, quadrilles, waltzing, contradances, military encampments, country huskings, engine companies, Black Republicanism, Americanism, Know-nothingism, getting up false issues in politics, commercial speculation, gambling, intemperance and many others, by every one of which the integrity of man or the chastity of woman may be in danger, where a man or woman has a strong tendency thitherward.

To impress more distinctly upon the mind the professor's felicities of thought and expression- we will give a few concise elegant extracts on Spiritualists and Spiritualism, to wit:

"A cheat so base and mischievous," "a delusion so contemptible and groundless," "deep-seated mental disease," "so utterly and repeatedly disproved," "so foolish in its form," "so silly in its words," "so paltry in its means," "so despicable in its results," "so insulting to God," "so degrading to man," "so corrupting to woman," "so fraught with uncleanness," "so laden with lies," "work of desolating wickedness," "in which men and women submit to coarse manipulations," "shallow juggleries," "vulgar, illiterate, unprincipled charlatans," "women whose brazen and shameless fronts are a damning dishonor," "imposture organized," "dens of infamous quackery," "credulity of dupes," "monstrous lie," "feeble, wishy-washy drivelling," "outpourings of muddled intellects," "ridiculous lie," "cheats," "paintings, [being] amazing daubs," "frightful enormities," "impossible lie," "worse than gangs of counterfeiters, bands of robbers, pimps and panders," "M. speaks trash, tells a falsehood consciously," "St. forged names, utters a detestable falsehood consciously," "Sq. tells a falsehood consciously and remorselessly," "the Foxes drive a trade in cheating," "craftily organized business," "obtaining money under false pretences," "robbing the poor and ignorant, stealing from the weak," "rogues and sharpers," "something worse than falsehoods," "astonishing untruths," "ignorance, madness and vulgarity of language," "monstrous fiction," "moral wrong and intentional falsehood," "nimble trick," "suppression of truth," "suggestion of falsehood," "false testimony," "untrue representations," "downright untruths," "corrupting infatuations," "little Jack Horner in the corner," "marvels, not one has a particle or shadow of truth," "miracles that have bereft people of half their

senses and all their reason," "crazed nerves, epilepsy, catalepsy, unsuspected amount of mischief," "vast exaggerations, organized frauds," "illimitable lying," "tenants of mad-house," "moral and intellectual aberration of our unfortunate race," "shallowness of the age," "legerdemain," "ridiculous false reasoning," "amazing folly," "stupendous credulity," "facts contrary to established laws of science," "illusions," "fantastic play of imagination," "seductive delusion."

What, then, do you, patient reader, think of all this "pother?" You, perhaps, think it has less of the character of the charity that is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, than of sounding *brass*. It may remind you of the discourse of one Peter to his brothers, Martin and Jack, in the Tale of a Tub, about a brown loaf and a shoulder of mutton; it may call to your mind one Saul, with a commission, from the Sandehrim in his pocket, on his way from Jerusalem to Damascus, breathing out fire and slaughter, who was warned not to kick against the pricks. The sentiments, temper, and language may seem to you less appropriate to the presumed gravity of a teacher of youth addressing other teachers of youth, than the objurgations and brawls of a lager-beer shop, or some of those still more disreputable resorts in which the imagination and taste of the orator disports itself, and which are not often made topics in addresses to youths or grown persons of both sexes. You may have known many

female speaking and writing mediums, and those through whom manifestations are given, both professional and other, whom you really supposed to be as pure in character, as refined in manners, as talented and as well instructed and highly accomplished as any of those who heard the professor's classical discourse, or who, if any, have complimented him upon it, and wished heaven had made them such a man. You may, personally or otherwise, have known of writing, speaking, and healing mediums of the male sex, whom you had the simplicity to believe to be as honest, of as unimpeachable veracity, as respectable in position, of as high reputation for morals, integrity and manners, as benevolent and charitable, as judicious and reliable, and as exemplary, as even the professor himself or any of the contributors to the Boston *Courier*, who cry *cheat*, *charlatan*, *dupe*, *fool;* and omitting the retort courteous, quip-modest, and other of Mr. Touchstone's prior degrees of the lie, rush directly to the lie direct.. You may also, reader, have known personally or otherwise, men seeming to be as scientific, as wise, as familiar with the rules of evidence, and rules of decorum, as any one who has calculated an eclipse, or studied the bones of a turtle six months, or read Aristotle, and who yet have been "bereft of all their reason" by the "stupendous humbug." You may, yourself, have obtained, and known others to obtain, from Mr. Mansfield what seemed to be pertinent answers to letters, the contents of which he

did not know, and the answers to which contained facts known to no living person except the writer of the letter. You may be so "bereft of all your reason" as to suspect in this eloquent, decorous, dignified address to the Salem school, not a little of very poor scurrility; a proffered argument, much beneath anything that can pretend to be even the slenderest sophistry, a good deal of arrogance, and an "immense self-conceit." You may have the presumption to think that you, or any person of good common sense, can judge whether a table is tipped, a rap given, a tune played, an argument maintained, a prescription given, or a discourse delivered, by the proper volition and agency of a medium himself, as well as one who has calculated the problem of the three bodies, or learned the Grecian dialects; or soared ever so high, or sunk ever so low, in uncommon sense. You may be so presumptuous as to think that you perceive in this Salem address, and in the recent attempts to answer the facts and arguments of Mr. Woodman's lectures, something of mental obliquity and perversity more instructive and satisfactory as to the characteristics of the writer and speaker, than in any other respect. In fine, reader, you may be one of those deluded, "sagacious men of business," "respectable gentlemen of Boston" or the like, who are so unhappy as to think that they do not need a pope, great or little, to have the advowson of their consciences, and that they can judge about as well of the honesty or knavery of

men or women of their own acquaintance with whom they have to deal, and of the verity or falsity of ordinary occurrences which they witness, as another person three miles off whose employment is teaching grammar or arithmetic, or looking through a telescope, or one three thousand miles off occupied in a chemical laboratory. You may, gentle reader, be one of the "juggled," "infatuated" persons, who "preposterously" deem it one of the strongest arguments in favor of the reality and general truth of Spiritualism, that those who volunteer in what they denominate a "warfare" against it, adopt, as their best means of attack, what seems to be boisterous objurgation, swaggering scurrility, spiteful invective, coarse obloquy and imbecile menace; apparently indicating a devout desire for the old-fashioned rack and stake, faggots and torch.

If, courteous reader, any such thoughts occur to you, please to call to mind the Feltonian syllogism, and write yourself down a knave, liar, or juggled, infatuated dupe.

Q. E. D.

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